



when the day met the night

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when the day met the night by antoniohiggins (orphan_account)

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Summary:

just a lil florist!eddie and tattooartist!richie au for ya

warnings are in the tags

chapters will likely remain short, but we'll see how long this lasts for!

1. snapdragons - strength & grace

Author's Note:

- For [MY IRL LOSERS CLUB - I LOVE YOU AWESOME NERDS](#).

“Alright, I’m taking off! See ya’ in an hour!” Eddie’s best friend and coworker, Stan, called as he left for his lunch break. The small bell above the door jingled, signaling his departure as Eddie gave a small wave before propping himself on top of the counter and let his legs hand over the side.

He had been working at the local Derry florist for a few summers since he turned sixteen and as much as he hated having to talk to people and actually have things to do, he liked the flowers and his coworkers were pretty nice. It almost felt like a little rebellion when he first took the job. Ever since he had discovered about his mother faking all of his illnesses, he made it his mission to finally experience and appreciate all of the things she kept from him as a kid. Flowers were one of them. Peaceful rebellions that consisted of making bouquets and stacking flower pots was more his style anyway.

Work was slow, as almost always, and Eddie meticulously just began re-organizing the seed packets on display beside him. However, almost instantly, the door chimed again and Eddie jumped, dropping his handfuls of seed packets at the unexpected noise. He quickly hopped off the counter, kneeling down as he attempted to pick up as many packets as he could before anyone noticed. Just when he thought he was in the clear, a seconds set of hands appeared in front of him, cleaning up the small boy’s mess. The chipped black nail polish was unlike anything Eddie had expected to see from someone coming through that door. He collected the rest of his things, placing them in a pile on the counter before looking up at the person standing before him.

A large, worn leather jacket rested loosely on the thin frame of a very, very lanky boy. He towered over the smaller boy at what he would guess to be over six feet tall. An equally ill-fitting Rolling Stones shirt covered his chest underneath and dozens of bracelets lines his wrists. His impossibly long legs wore ripped black jeans and a ratty pair of old canvas shoes covered in doodles hid his antsy feet.

Eddie wondered if he had drawn them himself. Long dark hair was tied up messily atop his head and allowed his pierced ears to be seen, along with a tiny tattoo of a paper boat behind his ear. Giant turtle shell glasses magnified his wide brown eyes and Eddie Kapsbrak felt his heart skip about ten beats.

Needless to say, flaming bisexual Richie Tozier felt more than a little enamored just staring at the smaller boy. A dark green apron with a daisy in the front also held his name; '*Eddie*' embroidered in pretty white writing. A pastel pink polo shirt stuck out from under the apron and made the rosy blush on his freckled cheeks even more prominent. Perfectly arranged brown waves rested delicately on top of his head and Richie couldn't stop himself from loving how small the other boy was.

"Hi," Eddie rushed out, instantly second-guessing how his voice sounded or if the boy even wanted to be bothered. "C-can I help you?"

Richie smiled. How could he not?

A soft chuckle escaped his chapped lips as he plucked a small flower from a display beside him and began to twiddle it in his fingers.

"I work across the street, actually. I usually just stick around during my break, but my girl's home sick so I thought I'd come check the place out," he said, never moving his gaze from the flower in his hands.

Eddie felt a pang in his heart. Oh. He had a girlfriend. Of course he did.

"Oh, okay, well if you need anything, just let me know," Eddie spoke softly, forcing himself to turn away from the boy and attempting to mask the disappointment in his voice. Just as he was about to begin re-organizing the seed display he had ruined, the boy decided he wasn't yet.

"Actually, um, my friend Bev, well, uh, maybe some flowers would make her feel better, you know?" He chuckled awkwardly, adjusting his glasses as he rubbed the back of his neck with his other hand. He

had that little hopeful glint in his eye.

Eddie couldn't help but grin, both at his use of the word 'friend' rather than 'girlfriend' and that he might actually get to know this boy. He nodded, stepping out from behind the counter and immediately leading the tall boy around the store.

"So do you happen to have any of those flowers that mean things? You know, like the ones where each color means something else?"

Eddie chuckled and nodded.

"You mean all flowers?" He teased, loving the blush that immediately covered the tall boy's face.

"R-right," he said awkwardly. "Got anything that means 'get well soon'?"

When the smaller boy nodded, picking a few white hyacinths, snapdragons, and goldenrods and tossing them into a basket, Richie smiled, only feeling *slightly* out of place.

They collected enough flowers for a small bouquet that Eddie tied up with a light blue ribbon, symbolizing health and tranquility, as Richie tossed a twenty dollar bill onto the counter as he collected his bouquet and turned towards the door.

"Wait!" Eddie called, feeling a sudden rush of confidence. "Y-you forgot your change."

Richie just turned around and smiled his signature crooked grin as he winked, continuing to leave.

"Keep it. Call it a tip for your troubles," he said, and Eddie couldn't help but blush. "Maybe pop on by across the street sometime."

The small boy's brain did a double-take.

"I, uh, yeah! I mean, yes! Sure! I mean, maybe, if I can," Eddie rambled, face-palming immediately afterwards at his inability to form coherent sentences. Fuck, why was this so difficult?

"I'll keep my eye out, Eds," the boy said, winking as he closed the door behind him, the bell chiming to show that this time, he was actually gone. Eddie draped himself across the counter dramatically and repeatedly banged his forehead against the painted wood.

It didn't take long before the bell chimed again, and Eddie flipped his hair out of his face, folding his arms under his chin.

Stanley Uris stalled back into the shop with a plastic bag swinging in his hand and a worn notebook under his opposite arm. His blond curls were covered by a beanie due to the cold fall weather and he deposited all three items onto the counter beside Eddie.

"Well you look like shit," he teased, smirking at the much smaller boy. Eddie groaned, peeling himself off of the counter and leaning up against the wall behind him. "Seriously, what the hell have you been doing?"

Eddie ran a hand through his hair, still unable to get the boy out of his head.

"So this guy came in a little while ago," he started, obviously peaking his friend's interest as he raised a curious eyebrow. "And basically I still haven't recovered."

Stan rushed away and Eddie watched on as he flipped the door sign from reading 'open' to 'closed'.

"Okay, spill everything," he pleaded dramatically, probably needing to talk about someone else's love life other than his own.

Eddie chuckled, hopping back up onto the counter.

"So basically he's perfect."

Notes for the Chapter:

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posted on there!

2. peonies (bashfulness & compassion)

Summary for the Chapter:

this chapter gets a bit angsty at the end with some themes in the tags, so stay safe readers!

also some internal and external homophobia towards the end, but it's all just for backstory purposes

“Bev! Beverly!” Richie pounded on his best friend Beverly Marsh’s door, practically jumping out of his skin with excitement. Usually he would just use his spare key, but he had left it in his bag at work in his haste to find her. Also, he would probably not scream at her to get to the door when she was sick at any other time, but still, this was an emergency in Richie’s eyes.

Beverly, however, was rudely interrupted from her sulking over being sick and contemplated pretending to be dead and just not letting her friend inside. Still, she did because she knew what would probably happen if she didn’t and she didn’t want to replace any more doors.

The faded green door swung open just as Richie was about to knock again and he stumbled slightly inside, to which Bev just let him fall. He scrambled to his feet, still shaking with energy and his ginger-haired friend just sighed and closed the door behind him.

“Okay, asshole, explain yourself,” she mused, flopping down onto the sofa and swinging her feet up onto the coffee table as Richie practically jumped into a nearby armchair.

“I just met the most beautiful boy in the world,” he blurted, something that would probably make Eddie Kaspbrak cry if he’d heard it. “He’s perfect Bevvie, and he works across the street and he’s just so tiny and his hair looks so soft and his eyes are really sparkly and fuck!” He pulled his hair out of its bun in frustration and let the loose strands hang wherever they pleased.

Beverly chuckled, watching the clearly lovesick boy lose his mind over some kid he’d just met.

"I need to ask him out. I *need* to Bev, but I don't even know if he likes guys, for fucks sake! He probably doesn't, knowing my luck, but he works at a goddamn florist shop so I think I just need to go for it. Wha'd'ya say?"

She quickly looked up, having lost interest and just smiled, completely unsure of anything the wild boy had said.

"Yeah, sure," she said, hoping that made at least a little bit of sense.

And with that, Richie practically leapt out of his seat and raced for the door.

"Oh yeah! One more thing," he called, pulling the small bouquet of flowers from his bag and handing them to the sickly girl. "He helped me pick these out. Apparently they mean like health and strength or some cheesy shit like that, but I thought you'd like them so here."

Bev sighed, remembering why she had willingly stayed with this kid for so many years as she pulled her tall friend into a hug and kissed his cheek, sending him out the door.

"Go get 'em, loverboy!" She called down the hallway as she retreated to her kitchen and began to fill a vase.

By the time Richie made it into his car, he had already started to freak out. Nope, Eddie wasn't the kind of boy that dates Richie Tozier. Boys that date Richie Tozier are two of a kind. The boys that date Richie Tozier are the boys that threaten him not to tell anyone by beating him up so bad that he can't talk. They're boys that kick the crap out of him immediately after making out to get themselves a clean alibi with their friends. They're older boys that stick their hands down his pants in the gym showers when no one else is around.

No, the boys that want to date Richie Tozier are the boys who know he won't tell their petty little secret, and the boys that don't give enough of a shit about his feelings to treat him like a real person.

He tells himself it was stupid. That he can't believe he let himself get

so worked up over some kid he just met. That there's no way he could waltz back into that store and ask out this boy because he'd run away screaming the minute Richie walked in the door. He still remembered what happened that last date he went on.

Junior year, one week before the last day of school, Richie Tozier had a boyfriend. Jeffery Carroll, senior, varsity basketball captain, and grade-A asshole. At least, to everyone else Richie knew. Jeffery Carroll was the first one to claim he hooked up with Bev. He was the first one who started the chain of egging the temple Stan's family attended. He was the one leading the vandalisms of Mike's grandfather's deli. He was the one who drove to Henry Bowers' house to alert him that the Hanscom family had moved in on his street and that there was "fresh meat" for their escapades.

He was the one who would threaten to bash his boyfriend's skull in if he told anyone about their relationship. He was the one who refused to go on dates with Richie but always told him it was because he had better things to do and better *people* to do. Jefferey Carroll was the boy who taught Richie Tozier what real relationships were and what he should expect from a partner. He was the boy who told Richie he was his first love before his friends found them together and Jeffery shoved him into a wall, kicking the shit out of him and lying to his friends that the smaller boy had come onto him without consent.

Richie Tozier became the "homo slut" that underclassmen would run from in the halls and upperclassmen would lock him in janitors' closets for hours. His grades went from on the road to valedictorian to barely eligible to graduate simply because he could hardly go to class.

He hasn't dated anyone since.

So that's why Beverly doesn't lock her door after Richie leaves because she knows that whether it's five minutes or five hours from then, he's going to come back and she's going to be there.

Because Beverly Marsh knows about all the guys that date Richie Tozier and none of them will let him do this. All of them have ruined him beyond the ability to be the boy that dates Eddie Kaspbrak because he doesn't feel like he has a say anymore.

Richie hauled his ass back up to Beverly's apartment, trying the doorknob, and opening it slowly when he discovered that it was still unlocked. He walked over to the couch where his best friend in the entire world sat wrapped up in a blanket and sat down right beside her.

"I can't, Bevvie," he spoke, practically whimpering. Richie felt his shoulders slouch forward as his hair covered his watering eyes. It was all one fluid movement when he began to lean into the waiting girl beside him. She guided his head onto her shoulder as she ran her thin fingers through his tangled hair.

"I know, hun. I get it, believe me, but you can't let them ruin this one for ya', Rich," she mumbled, continuing to move her hands soothingly. "With everything you've dealt with, I'm so proud of you for even wanting to go after this kid, which must mean he's pretty special, huh?"

Richie couldn't help but smile.

"Eh, don't worry about me, Bev, I'll figure it out, but maybe a little moral support would help," he suggested, turning his head so he was staring up at the red-headed girl.

She groaned, sarcastically lifting his head off of her and dragging herself off the couch.

"Fine. C'mon, let's go," she started, sticking out her hand as Richie stared at it, his eyes wide.

"O-oh you meant right now? No, I definitely wasn't implying we go right now, that ship has kinda sailed already, girly," Richie joked, the holes in his comedic mask revealing his still nervous tremble.

But that didn't work at all and within five minutes Bev was behind the wheel of the tall boy's truck and on the way to the shop. Apparently she had an idea.

In their lives together, either of the two having an idea was almost never a good thing. Richie would soon discover that he really did

have someone who loved him, just maybe not the way he wanted.
But still, one person was a start.

Notes for the Chapter:

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content!

<3<3<3

3. gladiolus (strength of character)

Summary for the Chapter:

the core four (for this story at least) finally meet! bev has a plan, richie has no idea what she's doing, and eddie has a massive crush on the mysterious boy with the stupid jokes and the nickname that he pretends to hate.

tbh stan just wants to go home

Skip to three hours later and Eddie is counting down the last few minutes until he and Stan can finally close up shop and go home. No one goes shopping for flowers at nine o'clock at night, but apparently they have to keep the shop open until then just in case.

No one had ever come in after seven before.

That is, until that day.

Bev took her best friend by the wrist and practically dragged him out of his own truck. She led him inside, almost jumping at the sound of the bell chiming, and Richie immediately groaned.

"C'mon, hun, you can't do this forever," she whisper-scolded as the two approached the front counter where two very surprised boys stood awkwardly.

"H-hello? How can we help you?" Stan asked, nervously looking at the two as Richie immediately straightened up and smiled a little at the familiar small boy.

Bev seemed to have a plan, but none of that stopped Richie from thinking he was going to just make a fool of himself in front of the two.

"Hey boys, well this dipshit over here was supposed to give me a tattoo today, but I was feeling a bit sick and didn't come into work, so now I had to drag him down here to do it, so could I get your help with this?" She looked right at Eddie as she said it, reading the name

on his tag that Richie had told her earlier. He looked terrified, honestly.

Then again, in the middle of the night, two nineteen-year-olds in matching leather jackets and a girl with about five piercings, just that they could see, waltzed into their tiny little shop talking about tattoos, so they couldn't blame him.

"I need floral advice," she spoke with an awkward authoritativeness as she folded her arms over her chest. Her sleeves rode up slightly, revealing a slingshot tattooed on her hand mirroring the shape of her thumb and pointer finger.

The two boys looked between each other before Stan nudged Eddie, sending him to the two friends.

"I don't know shit about tattoos, but if you're looking for flowers I can at least try," he said with a shy smile as Beverly beamed.

"Perfect! I've been wanting something on the more traditional side for ages now, but maybe if you have any bad-ass looking flowers or maybe something with a cool meaning, then I'll get it inked."

Eddie looked terrified behind his eyes, understandably overwhelmed by the pressure of choosing a stranger's tattoo. He walked towards a display on the wall and began to look through dozens of colors and types of flowers, his hands shaking slightly.

"Hey, don't worry about it, seriously, anything you could come up with is about a hundred times better than anything I could, Eds," Richie said softly, yet still with a hint of comedic tone in his voice as he approached the smaller boy.

Eddie blushed, keeping his eyes on the flowers and refusing to look the boy in the eye.

"Don't call me Eds," he grumbled so quietly it was almost inaudible. Richie smirked, leaning in closer to the boy.

"What was that, Eds?"

Eddie groaned, still blushing to himself.

“Shut up, asshole, just help me look around.”

Richie backed up, his hands raised in mock surrender as he smirked, pleased with himself. He dug through the baskets and displays, not really knowing what he was looking for, before all of a sudden Beverly squealed.

“This one! Holy shit, this one is perfect!” She was practically bouncing up and down as Eddie walked up beside her and took the single flower from her hands.

“Ah yes, gladiolus. Strength of character, good choice,” Eddie spoke, sounding so sweet Richie thought he could get a cavity just standing next to him. He was too sweet for Richie Tozier.

Beverly, however, was practically ecstatic over this entirely-unplanned and unscheduled tattoo that she literally just came up with as an excuse to meet the boy her best friend was absolutely whipped over.

Stan, from behind the cash register, just waved her off; partly because he was lazy and just wanting to close the shop, but also taking an immediate liking to the girl. She grinned, taking Richie by the wrist and giddily pulling him towards the door. Sure, he was still confused out of his mind at her plan, but slid his arm out of Bev’s grasp and stopped in the doorway. Bev froze, looking up at her much-taller friend with such surprise as she watched the blush spread across his face.

“Rich-“

“I want to try,” he whispered nervously. A small smile crept onto his face.

Beverly Marsh would’ve cried right there if she wasn’t so damn happy. Almost two years later and she had never been more proud of her best friend.

“Go get ‘em, tiger,” she whispered back, stepping outside and climbing into the passenger seat of Richie’s truck to wait.

Richie took a deep breath and spun around on his heels to see two

confused boys awkwardly waiting to close their shop. Richie rubbed the back of his neck as he walked up to the small boy restocking the displays.

"Hey there, Eds," he began, his breath catching in his throat as the other looked up at him with soft brown eyes that he rolled dramatically at the nickname.

"Didn't think I'd be seeing you back here today," Eddie joked, immediately heightening Richie's nerves. He was seconds away from running out that door and never coming back. "But I'm glad you did."

Oh. *Oh*.

"What can I say, Eds. You and your mom have a lot in common; y'always leave me wanting more," he said sarcastically, resorting to his personal favorite mode of feeling-coverups. He knew it was offensive, he knew it was the reason most people he knew all his life hated him, but humor came easily to him and Richie Tozier wasn't one to care what other people thought about him.

Well, that was a lie, but no one else needed to know that.

"Fuck off, trashmouth," Eddie teased, not dropping his smile, to Richie's pleasant surprise.

If there was a way to describe that smile, Richie would tell you it was just 'fucking perfect'.

"Alright, alright," Richie chuckled, trying to convince himself he was okay and that he was making progress. "I just thought I'd test the waters a bit."

Eddie smirked, folding his arms over his chest and leaning up against the wall behind him. He had no clue where this confidence was coming from, but it felt good. He was comfortable.

"Shoot," he provoked as Richie immediately grew more nervous than he had ever anticipated.

It was rough. He hadn't said those words before in his life, but he was Richie Tozier and he was going to try, goddamnit.

"Are you dating anyone right now?" He ripped off the bandage and couldn't even look the boy in the eyes once his words left his mouth. One more second of silence and he'd be sprinting out the door.

Eddie did a double take at the question. No, he hadn't dated anyone before. He hadn't even gone on a date since high school, but this boy just made his stomach fill with butterflies and twist and churn in the best possible way.

"No, I don't have a boyfriend, if that's what you mean."

Richie would tell you it felt like his heart did a fucking backflip. Eddie couldn't even believe what he was doing. It was like he was under a spell and suddenly the small, anxious boy had the confidence of, well, anyone else.

"Perfect. I'll see ya' around, Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie grinned, spinning around on his heeled boots and heading for the door.

"Wait!" Eddie called out, both boys smiling at the repetition of their meeting that afternoon. "I still never got your name."

Richie smirked and walked back over to the boy, bending over slightly and extending his hand out to the other.

"Richie Tozier's my name," he said in what Eddie could only describe as a shockingly-impressive yet unidentifiable accent. "And as of recently, embarrassing myself in front of cute boys is my game."

Eddie laughed, like actually whole-heartedly laughed, and felt his heart surge at the compliment. He could already tell the color of his cheeks.

"Well if it makes a difference, I'd say you're doin' pretty good so far."

Richie Tozier hadn't smiled that wide in years.

He left the building with happy tears brimming in his eyes as he climbed into the driver's seat of his truck and turned to Beverly waiting beside him.

"Baby steps, Bevvie," he spoke in barely a whisper as his tears

threatened to fall and the smile on his face held strong. She threw her arms around her best friend and they sat there for about ten minutes before Richie finally took her home.

He fell asleep with a smile on his face that night.

Notes for the Chapter:

thanks for reading!! check me out on tumblr @gaytreebros for updates on this fic and others in the future! requests are always open there and in the comments here, so feel free to send me any theories, idea, or prompts, I appreciate them all and will attempt to write them all in some way!

xoxo,
elle